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Original

Songs From Over Seas

by

Eminent Composers



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NO 1 IN C

NO 2 IN B♭

NO 3 IN F

ON THE DAY I GET TO HEAVEN

Words by
SIVORI LEVEY

Song.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN

Moderato.

VOICE. *mp* *quietly and sedately.*
On the

PIANO. *con fza* *mp*

day I get to Heav - en, In that Par - a - dise so

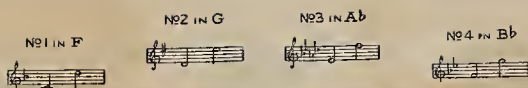
fair, As I tread its paths and mea - dows I shall

On the day I get to Heaven,
In that Paradise so fair,
As I tread its paths and meadows
I shall see Three Wonders there.

On the day I get to Heaven,
The wonder first will be,
To find so many people
I did not expect to see.

On the day I get to Heaven,
The second I declare,
Will be to miss so many
Whom I quite expected there.

On the day I get to Heaven,
As an erring sprite, or elf,
The greatest wonder, sure, will be
To find I'm there myself.



FLOW'R OF BRITTANY

Words by
D. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

Song.

Music by
HERMANN LÖHR.

tranquillo

The sea comes gleam - ing — to the shore And then for-sakes the shining

p

cresc.

sands — The white waves creep - ing — up once more

cresc.

poco rau.

Are like a girl's ca-ress-ing hands. The foam is as a

poco rall.

mf poco agitato cresc.

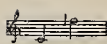
It seems as if her hands beseech
And hold me in this lonely place—
Those sad waves straining from the beach
Are as her last supreme embrace.
Yet, in the churchyard up above,
Lulled by the sea's deep lullaby,
She lies and sleeps, at rest from love—
My pale sweet flow'r of Brittany.

The sea comes gleaming to the shore
And then forsakes the shining sands—
The white waves creeping up once more
Are like a girl's caressing hands,
The foam is as a filmy lace,
Round white arms stretching out to me
With all the tenderness and grace
Of one I loved in Brittany.

No 1 in Bb



No 2 in C



No 3 in Eb



MY GARDEN

Words by
EDWARD LOCKTON.

Song.

Music by
GUY d'HARDELOT.

Moderato. J. = 63

I've a fair old gar-den of my own, dear,

Glad with all the flow'rs of sum-mer-tide,

But one thing it needs to make it per-fect,

I've a fair old garden of my own, dear,
Glad with all the flowers of summer-tide,
But one thing it needs to make it perfect,
You must come and wander at my side!

I've a wondrous garden of my own, dear,
There the birds sing loud from day to day,
But I listen for a sweeter music,
Longing for your voice down every way.

So you'd better come and seek my garden,
I will guard and keep you, never fear
Though the flowers all fade, we will not sorrow—
Love lives longer than the roses, dear!

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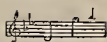
No 1 in F



No 2 in A♭



No 3 in B♭



THANK GOD FOR A GARDEN

Song.

TERESA DEL RIEGO.

Words and Music by

Moderato, con moto.

Thank God for a gar - - den,

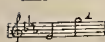
Be it e - ver so small,

Thank God for the sun - shine.

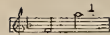
Thank God for a garden,
Be it ever so small,
Thank God for the sunshine,
That comes flooding it all!
Thank God for the flowers,
For the rain and the dew,
Thank God for summer,
That brings me you!

Thank God for the sunrise,
For the new morning bright,
Thank God for the sunset,
That is "Shepherd's delight,"
Thank God for the cornfields,
In the moonlight of blue,
Thank God for summer,
Thank God for you!

No 1 in E♭



No 2 in F



HEIGH-HO! THE SUNSHINE

Words by
NANCIE B. MARSLAND.

Song.

Music by
MONTAGUE F. PHILLIPS
(Op 25. No 3)

Brightly. $\text{♩} = 92$.

Heigh - ho!

where - fore sigh? Love is last - ing, time will fly: —

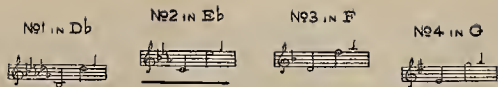
All - thy days of lone - ly pain Go, when love comes

Ad simile.

Heigh-ho! wherefore sigh?
Love is lasting, time will fly:
All thy days of lonely pain
Go, when love comes back again.
Smile, and sing my glad refrain—
Heigh-ho! the sunshine.

Hoigh-ho! dance and sing,
Wedding bells shall surely ring:
Love's return will be ere long,
Shedding tears is surely wrong.
Laugh, and join my merry song—
Heigh-ho! the sunshine.

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LAND OF THE LONG AGO

Words by
CHARLES KNIGHT

Song.

Music by
LILIAN RAY.

a tempo

Come, come! for hap - pi - ness is wait - ing

f a tempo

There, in the twi - light glow. And

28110

Love's sweet re - frain we shall hear once a - gain, in that dear

colla voce

There is a land wherein our troth we plighted
Happy the mem'ry of that golden day!
Heart beat with hearty and souls were united.
Dear one, until you went away!

Come, come! for happiness is waiting
There, in the twilight glow.
And Love's sweet refrain we shall hear once again,
In that dear Land of the Long Ago!

There is a garden where our love we planted.
Fair grew the blossom in those days of yore!
And, in my heart, that emblem enchanted,
Dear one, will bloom for evermore!

Come, come! for happiness is waiting
There, in the twilight glow:
And Love's grand refrain we shall hear once again.
In that dear Land of the Long Ago!

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No. 1 IN E♭



No. 2 IN F



No. 3 IN G



THE HOUSE OF MEMORIES

Words by
A. S. JOHN ADCOCK.

SONG.

Music by
FLORENCE AYLWARD.

mp very simply.

There's a lit - tle house in a lit - tle street, A lit - tle way from the

poco rit. *legato*

sea, And oh! when I'm wea - ry of all the world, It's there that I fain would

cresc.

be. For the world is full of sor - row and care, And the dark - ness lies be -

cresc.

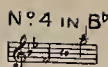
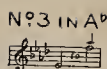
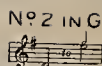
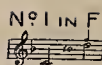
p

There's a little house in a little street,
A little way from the sea,
And oh! when I'm weary of all the world,
It's there that I fain would be.
For the world is full of sorrow and care,
And the darkness lies before;
And the little house is full of the dreams
That were ours, but are ours no more.

In the little street in the long ago
In the little house by the sea,
We dreamed of the days that have had no dawn
Of the years that shall never be.
But you were young and I was young;
And we dreamed and had no care
And dearer and better than life has been
Were the dreams that came to us there.

So when I'm weary of all the world,
Of its sordid hopes and its pain,
I think of the little house that was ours,
And sigh to be there again.
'Twere heav'n enough if we found our dreams,
And dreamed them again maybe
In the little house, in the little street,
A little way from the sea.

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LITTLE ROSE AMONG THE ROSES

Words by
EDWARD LOCKTON.

Song.

Music by
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE.

Slowly and with sentiment.

Lit - tle Rose a - mong the ros - es, Why are you more
fair Than all the oth er flow'rs of June - time
In the gar den there? Why are you to

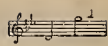
Little Rose among the roses,
Why are you more fair
Than all the other flowers of June-time
In the garden there?
Why are you to me so splendid,
Crowned with all delight?
Little Rose among the roses,
Pure and sweet and white!

Little Rose among the roses,
I will tell you why:
It is because my heart has chosen
You heath God's blue sky!
On my heart then dream for ever,
Through all joy and strife,
Rose of hope and love, mine only
Till the end of life!

Nº1 in G



Nº2 in Bb



THE LITTLE ROSE-CLAD WINDOW

Words by
EDWARD LOCKTON

Song.

Music by
DOROTHY FORSTER

Andante con moto.

mf

Oh! the lit - tle rose - clad win - dow in the

mf

lit - tle vil - lage street, it was June - tide when I

saw it, And the day was calm and sweet, Yet, al

Oh! the little rose-clad window
In the little village street,
It was June-tide when I saw it,
And the day was calm and sweet.
Yet, although those lovely blossoms
Were so bright, and fair to see,
'Twas your face that peeped among them,
That was dearer far to me.

Oh! the little rose-clad window,
What glad dreams it brought that day,
What sweet words we idly whispered
As the moments sped away,
And our love, like some young flower
Soon in hearty lay unfurled,
And that little rose-clad window
Seemed the dearest in the world.

Now I'm far away and lonely,
And the world a desert seems,
Yet the little rose-clad window
Haunts me ever in my dreams!
And I know when tears are o'er,
And the waiting, and the pain,
You will welcome me, and love me,
'Mid the roses once again!

A NEW CYCLE
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EUROPEAN GYPSY SONGS

"ROMANY SONGS"

Words by
EDWARD TESCHEMACHER

Music by
HERMANN LOHR

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2. MIRI DYE (MOTHER MINE)
3. WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED
4. THE MAGPIE IS A GYPSY BIRD

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Key signatures: No 1 in E^b , No 2 in F , No 3 in E^b

WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED

Words by
EDWARD TESCHEMACHER
Andante semplice

Made by
HERMANN LOHR

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with the lyrics 'When my car - a - van has rest - ed'. The second system continues with 'For he I have you on the plain'. The third system concludes with 'All the flowers of love and joy'. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the left hand and more melodic lines in the right hand.

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[Keys: Low, Medium and High]

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A Cycle of Four Songs

Words from "The Garden of Kana"
by Laurence Hope

Mus. by
HERMANN LÖHR

(Keys: Low, Medium and High)

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Through the medium of Laurence Hope's realistic verse, he has "heard the East a-scallin'" like Kipling's "ten year soldier," and for the time being has vividly "heeded nuthin' else." All the veiled mysticism, the reckless fascination and the pitiless fatalism of the East have been woven into the texture of these songs. In "Starlight" we seem to see the midnight sky of the Orient shiver with myriad points of light, which by their cold brilliance intensify the passion and pain of the lover's questionings.

"Just in the Hush Before the Dawn" is full of mystery and choiceness which are heightened by the recurrence of a simple triplet figure in the voice part and the accompaniment. The song closes to a climax eloquently suggestive of the Oriental spirit of "Kismet."

Tragic and poignant feeling throbs in every note of "This Passion is but an Ember." This consummation is reached by very simple harmonic means which alone are a tribute to the composer's talent. "On the City Wall" embodies the tragedy of the meeting of East and West, of the "blue eyes that conquer the brown eyes," and the resultant hopeless love.

"His eyes are clear and shining,
brown eyes steady and true,
these are the eyes and the voice."
These are the eyes and the voice.

Here again, the heights of Love and Sorrow are touched, and the mood employed is so simple and direct as to make this number all the more convincing.

If anything further were needed to strengthen the regard in which Hermann Löhr is held by singers and song-lovers the record in which Hermann Löhr would do much to achieve that object.

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